

## January at Lake Michigan, by Marilyn Zelke Windau

**S**afe on the shore, I can hear the splash,  
that all-season splash of waves.  
In this time of winter,  
only their sound reaches the shore.  
The waves do not.

Back and forth, the waves build,  
layering their frigid flow.  
They castigate the ice hills,  
the caves they create.  
They work furiously,  
daily adding to their fortresses of cold.

He who dares traverse this waterscape  
will find enemy, not friend:  
shards which shear ribbons from flesh,  
to share red with the icy blue,  
shards which seek to freeze,  
to overwhelm a body's strange warmth.

Alone and lonely, Demeter cries bitter frost tears,  
commands the waters to build frozen castles  
to house the chill of her grief.  
She waves mercy away,  
inconsolable until springtime.